

carnivore, carnivore (won't you come digest me?)

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by [Tiara_of_Sapphires](#)

Summary

There's a learning curve that comes with dating an alien. Sara is a fast learner.

[Yet another title stolen from Starset, this time from "Carnivore"](#)

Notes

...Don't ask me why I chose to write this.

Enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own Mass Effect. I just suffer.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sara knew that if it was obvious that something was wrong with Jaal, she needed to worry.

Jaal was open with his emotions, not so much when he was injured and in need of assistance. Sara recalled the first time, back on Havarl. Jaal got clawed by one of the many animals that lurked on the jungle floor.

She hadn't noticed the injury until they were back on the *Tempest*, hadn't noticed the slight limp

and the blood seeping in his side. Lexi poked and prodded at him, fixing the wound quickly.

It wasn't the last time Jaal was injured in combat while part of her crew and he was probably injured a lot more times than Sara remembered because he was so good at hiding it.

Illness and injury were the two things that angara never liked to advertise or call to mind.

She didn't like the idea that Jaal could be mortally injured in a fight and she wouldn't know about it until he was seconds from death because he wouldn't tell her he was in pain or ask for medivac.

No, she didn't like it one bit. Especially after watching his head almost get blown off by Akksul, especially after realizing that she was very much in love with the angara. When she realized she couldn't lose him like she lost so many other things.

Damn the man, he was frustrating.

But of all the times he had been in pain or in trouble during a mission, this time...this time was different.

Sara, Jaal, and Vetra set out to stamp out the last of the kett strongholds on Eos. It had been nice to return to that planet while not having to watch her life support dwindle every time she stepped out of the Nomad.

It was quick; Initiative forces had already softened them up. All it took was a little sneaking around and a final charge.

Easy, in the grand scheme of things.

When the dust settled and the last of the intel was gathered, the trio headed back to the Nomad.

That was when Sara saw it.

Now, she already knew that Jaal hated Eos and its arid and hot climate, so she wasn't expecting him to be his regular jovial self. But this was different.

The uncharacteristically labored breathing, the (unsettlingly familiar) deeper purple flush on the tops of his cheeks, the way his posture hunched over.

Red flag. Lots of red flags.

This was wrong. It was like something had crippled him, but she didn't know what. There was ample cover during the battle with the kett and his aim was true almost the entire time. The kett didn't stand a chance.

A cursory glance told her that he had no open wounds at least on his front. And when he passed her to get into the Nomad, she couldn't see anything on his back either. The relief that came with knowing that at least he wasn't bleeding fading quickly.

It narrowed the field of things that could possibly be wrong with him, but that left illness—perhaps one Lexi wasn't prepared to treat—on the table.

"Jaal, are you okay?" Sara asked.

She kept her tone light, figuring if she sounded too concerned he would try to hide what was wrong from her. But if he wanted to hide it from her, it didn't matter what she sounded like.

He froze in his tracks, didn't turn around.

"I'm fine, dearest one," he replied.

Each word was stiff, strained, barely audible.

Jaal curled into himself a bit like a child in the back of the Nomad, as if to put as much physical space between him and the other occupants. Vetra looked confused, but didn't bring it up.

If anything, pushing the topic would only make Jaal angry. The social taboo was definitely ingrained.

Sara couldn't ruminate on it too much, too busy making sure she didn't sail off another cliff on the short trip back to Podromos. Jaal was still breathing and conscious from what she could tell.

If she was short with Bradley during their interaction at the outpost so they could get underway on the *Tempest* as soon as possible, she'd admit to it. Jaal looked like he was about to bolt for the hills. When they did get aboard, Vetra and Jaal dispersed as soon as the back door closed, the latter all but sprinting as far away from Sara as possible.

That shouldn't have hurt her feelings, but it did. At least it stung a little.

Sara, to her better judgment, went to the bridge, checking with Suvi and Kallo. They were going back to Meridian, a trip that was definitely going to take a while, even for the *Tempest*.

She made a beeline for the tech lab as soon as she left the bridge, only to find it empty. Another red flag. Jaal always went back there after mission to decompress.

Maybe something was wrong and he was already in medical. But, even as she thought it, Sara knew Lexi would have told her Jaal had reported to medical. Lexi was good at many things, and one of them was keeping Sara in the loop on her crew's health.

"SAM, where's Jaal?"

There was a pause for half a beat. "I believe he is in your quarters, in a distressed state."

Sara paused, stomach clenching, panic making the world tip for an instant.

"This isn't you trying to be funny, right?"

"No, I am entirely serious."

She wracked her brain for a reason how or why he was in her quarters only to remember that she had given Jaal free access, something nobody else aboard the ship had.

It was a mercifully short walk (read: run) between the tech lab and her quarters, the door opening immediately when she was in front of them.

The soft moan that greeted her ears was definitely going to be the stuff of her wet dreams for the rest of her life.

Immediately, she stepped farther into the room, the door sliding shut behind her.

She found Jaal lying on her bed.

His rofjinn was pooled on the floor, the rest of his armor had been stripped to the waist, as if he

lost the energy to complete the job. His chest heaved in labored breaths-near-moans, the jutted points of his frame and the divots and ridges of his skin almost shining under the light.

Gods and stars, he *did* look like he was in distress. One arm was flung over his eyes, the other fisting the sheets underneath him.

Despite the fact this entire situation should've been worrying and definitely out of character for him and not arousing *at all*, her stomach clenched, a sudden wet heat coursing south, something like fire in her veins.

He looked good. Beautiful.

And part of her, getting louder and more insistent by the minute, said 'take and be taken'.

But this wasn't right. She knew this wasn't right. He looked sick, probably was sick. And *she* was sick for being aroused by this, what the hell was wrong with her?

"Pathfinder, I have detected an elevated pulse and temperature," SAM spoke through their private channel, "I also detect an increased level of angaran sex hormones. I do not believe Jaal is in mortal peril, but he is in great discomfort."

Sara nodded in acknowledgement. Right. Okay. Not dying. Horny as hell, maybe. But not dying.

She glanced back at the door. She could only hope that nobody else heard Jaal in the brief time the door had been open.

It wasn't like their relationship was a secret, in fact, Jaal made it *very* public that they were together, much to her shock and the crew's amusement. But they were on the *Tempest* and Sara liked to think she kept some sense of decorum and professionalism by not constantly having sex with Jaal while on board. They snuck kisses and groped each other, sure, but they usually saved the main event for when they were on solid ground.

Apparently, *that* was going to be shot to hell.

"SAM, this room is soundproofed, right?"

"Yes, Pathfinder. Do you plan on testing that out?"

Of course, this was the time SAM decided to have a halfway-decent sense of humor. In any other circumstance, maybe Sara would've laughed.

Sara wasn't even sure if she was going to 'test it out'. If Jaal was actually sick, perhaps with something SAM couldn't detect, Sara was fully prepared to haul his half-naked ass to Lexi, her libido be damned.

Instead, she closed the space between her and Jaal, approaching him like one would approach a wounded animal.

"Jaal, are you okay?"

He stiffened at the sound of her voice, body at first jerking towards her and then away. He said something garbled, the translator not picking it up.

"Alright," she breathed.

Clearly, he wasn't going to be helpful. There was a faint tremble that ran across his body, like he

was holding himself back from something. He probably was, and while Sara refused to look down the length of his body, he was probably hard as well.

Sara reached over to press a hand to his forehead. His entire body tensed at the touch as she almost recoiled from the heat radiating from his body. He was definitely warmer, more so than usual, and covered in a sheen of sweat. Stranger still, there seemed to be something akin to static electricity hovering just above his skin, leaving tingles where she touched him.

“Gods, you’re burning up. I’m getting Lexi.”

She moved to pull away, get at her comm or leave the room to find the doctor. Jaal was in a seated position in an instant, like her words set off a trigger in him. He grabbed at her, almost pulling her into his lap, one arm wrapped around her waist. She yelped, gripping his shoulders for balance.

Jaal pressed his face against her neck, pulling her closer until they were chest-to-chest. His chest still heaved with labored breaths, like he had just run a marathon. He smelled like sweat and dirt and gun oil, the smell of a battle.

“I’m sorry, my darling. I’m so sorry,” he mumbled.

Sara pushed him back slightly, just so she could see his face. Bright purple blotched his cheeks, starry irises almost engulfed by his dilated pupils.

“Sorry for what? Jaal, you’re worrying me. Are you sick? Because you look sick,” she asked, words running together.

His touch was short-circuiting her brain. His warmth seeped into her body, setting her alight.

Jaal shook his head. His mouth twitched up in something that looked almost like a grimace.

“No, no, dearest one. Not sick.”

He grabbed her wrist and moved it down to his crotch, pressing her hand against the hardness there. Sara blushed, gasping, as Jaal moaned, rocking into her hand.

“I need you. Please. I understand if you do not want to, I will go back to my quarters if so...but it is easier with you.”

Sara inhaled shakily, letting her hand flex just a little over Jaal’s clothed cock.

Okay, he said he wasn’t sick. This could be just his way of deflecting from the real problem, but she was pretty sure that he trusted her enough to tell her the truth. And she’d probably kill him if he was sick and chose sex over getting well.

This, the thing he was asking of her, was something she could do. She could definitely do this.

She eased out of his grasp to back up half a step and couldn’t help but giggle at the bereft whine Jaal made at the loss of her touch. This was crazy. What the hell was she doing? She should be dragging his ass to the med bay, not trying to fuck him.

Burning blood, throbbing body, the calm before the storm. Suddenly it was like she needed him as much as he needed her. But that was nothing new, she realized.

“Too many clothes for this,” she said.

Her hands went to the fastenings of her tactical suit, loosening the tight-fitting clothes.

That seemed to spur Jaal into action, hands shaking and fumbling as he eased the rest of his armor off, his cock bobbing against his stomach. Sara's mouth watered at the sight.

She wasn't that steady getting undressed either, a mix of arousal and adrenaline making her clumsy, stripping until she was standing naked before him.

Jaal reached out to her as soon as she was done, taking her into his arms.

"Oh, you are magnificent. Exquisite."

She smiled. He was good at that: making her feel loved and beautiful, even while apparently half-mad from arousal.

She straddled his hips, aching close to where he wanted her.

As much as she wanted to help alleviate whatever was causing him pain as soon as possible, she wasn't going to hop on his cock without some preparation. The Pathfinder tearing something important during sex and being forced on bedrest—not the fun kind—for days was a terrifyingly embarrassing premise.

She was already aroused as hell, despite the circumstances, so the first finger was an easy glide. Jaal's hands were solid on her hips, face enraptured as he watched her pleasure herself. This felt normal, familiar. He usually took the reins when it came to stuff like this, wanting to put his hands on her, make her feel good. But he almost seemed paralyzed. The next finger was a bit of a stretch, pumping and scissoring her fingers a couple times, flicking at her clit with her free hand.

"Fuck," she breathed.

It had been a while. Time between missions and incidents was often very limited. Sleep often trumped the need for sex.

They held each other. That was their replacement. He would drape himself over her back, limbs heavy, not crushing.

When she would dream of falling and suffocating, he was there to comfort her. When he would dream of an endless horde in a hopeless battle, she was there to hold him.

The nightmares were there regardless, an ever-present fog. Guilt, ghosts.

A strong hand cupped the back of her neck and he kissed her. It was messy, lacking any finesse, their tongues sliding together wetly. It was perfect. He tasted like warmth and like the air before a storm.

She fit a third finger in, crooking against her g-spot, making her sigh and shift on top of him.

A couple moments later and she decided that this was as good as it was going to get. Close enough. She couldn't wait any longer. She needed him as he needed her.

She removed her fingers and turned her attention to the cock pressed between their bodies.

She took him in hand and stroked a couple times, the ridges hard against her palm. His cock curved upwards slightly, purple at the base, fading to white at the end. Precome leaked from the tip and Sara had to resist the urge to take him into her mouth.

She knew she didn't have time to take him apart with her hands and mouth, explore the places she

knew would have him moaning and desperate.

No, they were already at that point.

Jaal rocked into the circle of her hand, breaking off their kiss to moan against her mouth.

“Dearest, I can’t—I need you.”

Sara nodded and shifted up on her knees, lining him up with her entrance.

And she sank down, sighing, until she was fully seated, filled by him.

There was the stretch, painful, not overly so. Obviously, her attempt to loosen herself wasn’t enough. But Jaal groaned as if she had wounded him and pressed his forehead against her collarbone, so in the end it was worth it.

Her hand brushed over the top of his head, feeling the smooth skin. She lifted up a little and sank down, grinding down and trying to adjust.

It was a lot to take in. He had been the biggest partner she had ever been with, long and thick. Even with a great deal of preparation, the times where Jaal would pin her down and work her open with his mouth and fingers over and over before finally sliding into her, it always felt like he was splitting her open.

Sara let out a shuttering sigh. She was definitely going to be sore tomorrow but the way his ridges felt on her inner walls was a definite repayment.

Jaal nuzzled at her, akin to a big cat. His hands didn’t stop moving, roaming over her skin like she would disappear if he stopped touching her.

He looked at her and Sara’s heart skipped a beat. There was a look of open wonder in his glazed-over eyes, pupils blown wide.

“So beautiful. You feel so good around me,” he rasped.

He was utterly wrecked, but so was she.

Hands on his shoulders for leverage, Sara rocked up until only the head of his cock was still inside before sinking back down with a small swivel of her hips.

Gods, he felt so good inside of her.

He mouthed wetly at her collarbone, all tongue and lips.

“My love. So—so beautiful. You feel so good—ah—Sara!”

Tongue turned to teeth, when he thrust his hips up once, twice into her and she could feel him pulsing inside of her. Sara made a tiny shocked noise at the feeling.

Jaal moaned against her skin, hips thrusting up in little flinches.

His breathing slowed down a little, his hands softening where they held her hips.

“My apologies, dearest. You didn’t get to finish.”

He was hot, sweating, but his breathing sounded a little more normal. What she did, what they were

doing, must have been working.

Inexplicably, he was still hard, anchoring her against him.

But he wouldn't look at her. His eyes were fixed to the rise and fall of her chest, his body bowed slightly.

Sara cupped his face in her hands, biting back a whimper when he shifted a little inside her.

"Hey, Jaal. Look at me."

She lightly pulled at him until he finally turned his gaze to her. There was shame in his eyes, like he thought he did something wrong.

To be fair, Sara was a little—maybe more than a little—disappointed that she didn't get to come, instead left on the precipice, but this wasn't about her. She knew this wasn't about her.

Angara didn't like talking about being sick. They didn't like asking for help like that. It was both a similarity and a disconnect between their two peoples.

She was helping him. What was the shame in that?

"What's happening, Jaal? You can tell me," Sara asked, gently, sounding fairly lucid for someone impaired on an angara's cock.

This was strange. Definitely strange. Not like their first time on Aya. Or their subsequent times together, either. This was a whole other level of desperation and passion. And it wasn't like Jaal to pop off like a teenager getting laid for the first time.

Silence for a beat, only their breathing and the hum of the *Tempest* filling the room.

His head ducked down again, this time not as low.

"I don't believe you humans have a word for it," Jaal murmured, his nose just barely brushing over her collarbone.

Gods, he was frustrating. She needed to know what was wrong with him, even though every fiber of her being wanted—needed—to just mindlessly fuck herself onto his cock until they were both spent and not think.

"Describe it to me," Sara insisted, stopping the little rocking motions she didn't realize she was making.

How she was able to string together coherent sentences with Jaal near to the hilt inside of her was a mystery and a miracle. She needed him like she needed oxygen. It bubbled and boiled in her blood, singing through her muscles.

Jaal sighed, warm air puffing against her sweaty skin.

"It—it happens to mature male angara every few years," he started.

His hands moved from her hips to stroke up her back, making her lose focus for a moment. Every movement was torture. His fingers left trails of sparks over her skin, every shift he made was a reminder that he was buried to the hilt inside of her.

"A biological need for sex—reproduction, really—takes hold of us for a little while. Never learned

the specifics.”

Sara nodded, forcing herself to listen and understand what he was saying. Right. Made sense. So he wasn’t drugged, sick, or dying. This was...natural? A powerful, driving need for sex?

That explained a lot.

Sara shivered, grinding down instinctively. His breath hitched in the back of his throat, something like a growl.

The clarity and control she found was quickly fading with every shift he made inside her. He had that effect, chasing away any rational thought in her head.

“Sounds like...I don’t know,” she mused, not sure why she was running her mouth and not telling—demanding, really—Jaal to just fuck her already, “A rut or a heat. Some animals back on Earth do stuff like that. Not humans, though.”

Jaal kept running his hands over her until one was splayed between her shoulder blades, one against the small of her back. He pulled her close until there was no space between their chests, her breasts brushing against his skin, nipples hardening.

This changed the angle until he was pressing just right and Sara couldn’t help but moan.

“Jaal,” she whispered, unable to hide a pleading edge to her voice.

There was no room for her to move, so she could only try to grind down on his cock, trying to find some friction.

“Jaal, I need you to move.”

The rustle of fabric, a flurry of motion, seemingly effortless on Jaal’s part, Sara was on her back and Jaal loomed over her.

“Fuck,” Sara rasped, her legs coming up to wrap around his waist, his hips grinding perfectly against hers.

“Perhaps this is similar to an animalistic display,” Jaal muttered, voice deep and rumbling.

He rocked his hips once, a torturously slow roll that had Sara bucking against him.

He was going to kill her. Jaal was actually going to drive her mad and then kill her. With his cock.

“But only an animal would take his pleasure and not give his partner the same.”

Sara opened her mouth, maybe to agree or maybe to make a smart comment, but then, he started moving and all coherent thought went out the window.

Jaal brushed his lips over hers, teasing. She surged up to claim his mouth, a sloppy, biting kiss.

He was maddening sometimes, in the best way one could be maddening. He was always searching for what pleased her most, what wrung the loudest moans out of her mouth. And when he would find something, a certain spot, a certain angle or rhythm, he would stick to it with a dogged persistency that had Sara ruined.

Like now, with steady thrusts that were riding the fine edge of too much and not enough. He loomed over her, elbows resting on either side of her head. He pressed kisses to her mouth, her jaw,

her throat, biting a necklace of tiny marks on her collarbone.

He didn't say it aloud, but each bite and kiss and thrust said 'mine, mine, mine'.

Sara gave it back as best she could, lips and fingers finding the sensitive flesh in the folds of his back and neck.

He snapped his hips forward and she felt it. A tingling, tickling on her lower abdomen, getting deeper and more intense by the second.

Sara cried out, arching like she touched a live wire, chasing that odd sensation. Its epicenter was *inside* her, radiating out, stimulating her clit, and she could only squirm and grind down on Jaal's hips, on the edge way too damn quickly to be normal.

"What—what is that?" she gasped.

Her thighs trembled around his hips.

Jaal laughed, a deep, hearty thing, only to trail off into a moan when she tightened around him.

"Bioelectricity."

She keened as it sparked again, spreading warm from the inside out.

"Makes you more receptive to conception," he growled against her ear. "For angaras, at least."

The timbre, the possessiveness of his voice when he said that was undeniable. Conception, to be filled with his seed and bear a child. The mix of strong blood to carry the family name.

Sara whined in the back of her throat, grinding down on him, chasing that sensation. It was still there, not as intense as it was a moment before. Like the period of time between lightning strikes, anticipation for something strong and bright.

"Do it again, *please*."

The tiny rational part of her mind that was still functioning told her that she should probably take note of this development, maybe even be worried about it. But the louder, impatient, and super turned-on part told her she was on birth control and she was pretty sure they weren't compatible in that way anyway. It felt good, so damn good, so that was all that mattered.

He curled an arm underneath her, hitching her hips higher against his.

"Cannot control it."

He was close too. She could hear it in the timbre of his voice and the fine trembling of his body.

His hand slipped between their bodies and his thumb rubbed over her clit. The electricity flared anew, warm and foreign and consuming.

It was just right, just enough, and Sara came with a cry, Jaal's name on her lips.

He kissed her, drinking in the moans and sighs that poured out of her mouth as his thrusts became more and more disjointed.

Finally, his hips twisted, grinding up and he groaned, emptying himself inside of her. The electricity still snapped and danced between their bodies as he finished, and all Sara could do was

ride it out.

Jaal kept his head tucked against her neck, kissing a line up her throat, breathing untranslatable things against her skin.

He rolled off to lay next to her, not wanting to accidentally crush her.

“Bioelectricity. Really?” Sara muttered at the ceiling.

Not that she was complaining. It felt good, amazing, unlike anything she ever experienced with a partner before.

Jaal smiled, lazy and seemingly sated. He still touched her, slow and light and intimate, like he was trying to map something out on her skin.

“I apologize for not telling you about it sooner,” he said, not sounding particularly sorry at all. In fact, he sounded a bit smug that his little secret had made her desperate for him, more than usual.

“Well, it’s quite the trick.”

Lexi was definitely going to want to know about this. While she wasn’t very subtle asking about their sex life, she at least had waited until Sara or Jaal had volunteered information. Maybe Jaal already told her about the bioelectricity. Maybe he even told about this ‘heat’ or whatever the hell it was.

The next time Sara was in the med-bay—which hopefully wasn’t going to happen for a while—she’d bring it up.

For now, Sara was fine with keeping it to herself.

“How long does it last? This—whole thing?” Sara asked.

“The last time, it took three days,” Jaal mused, “It should be about the same this time around.”

“The last time?” Sara repeated.

Jaal blinked at her. “I have come to maturity for a while now, Sara.”

Sara recalled his age. 27, roughly. It depended on which planet one was using as reference.

“So, this isn’t your first rodeo?” she said.

His face twisted comically in confusion.

“What is a—ah, another idiom.”

Sara nodded, grinning. “Not your first time doing this, I mean.”

“Yes.”

His fingers rubbed soothing circles on her abdomen. She already knew she was going to have angara-hand-shaped bruises on her hips for the next couple of days.

“So, last time, you just—ah—jacked off for three days straight?”

At his once-again confused expression, she mimed the action and understanding sparked in his

eyes.

“Ah, yes, that. That is, indeed, what happened.”

There wasn't an ounce of shame on his face at that fact, but Sara blushed red at the thought of Jaal lying in bed fucking his fist, arching and desperate for completion. He must have not had a partner at the time.

Then a thought hit her.

“Why weren't you touching yourself before I got here? At least I would've gotten the message you needed sex and weren't dying or something,” Sara asked, unable to help the slight accusation in her voice.

The delayed fear and worry hit her again, the thought of losing Jaal to something she couldn't stop.

She turned to her head to see Jaal glance away for a moment. Now he was the one blushing, this time clearly out of embarrassment.

“I was waiting for you,” he said, letting his palm spread out over her stomach.

Sara refused to think about what he had said before, about conception. She didn't want to think about her being full with child, his child.

Because this was the point of all this, right? To grow a family?

Her mouth twitched up.

“Didn't want to get started without me?”

His hand moved to her shoulder, brushing down to her hand, leaving goosebumps in his wake.

“To share this experience with another is a great sign of love and affection for angara. Since we were together...I thought it was right.”

Well, when he put it that way.

She laced her fingers with his and squeezed.

“Thank you for sharing this with me.”

Sara rolled to face him, pressing her forehead against his chest. She could hear his heartbeat, loud and strong.

“I love you, Jaal.”

And she meant it. She never said those words and not meant it.

“I love you too, Sara. My love, my light.”

She smiled, resting against him as her heartrate slowed to something semi-normal. She couldn't help but wonder about how long it was going to take before he needed to come again.

The question was on her tongue, but the silence was good and comforting and stretching for a good several minutes. She didn't want to disturb that with minutiae.

Jaal nuzzled her hair and Sara suddenly remembered that she never had a proper shower after Eos. At the same moment, she remembered how filthy she was.

She rolled off the bed, glad to feel that her legs still worked. Jaal half-heartedly reached for her, eyes roving over her naked form.

“I need to shower,” she mumbled, almost as an afterthought.

She was covered in her own drying sweat and there was tacky stickiness dripping between her legs and she wasn’t sleeping like this, no sir.

And, plus, walking to her tiny bathroom, naked, knowing Jaal was watching her every move, was a gift in itself.

The door creaked shut behind her.

One of the benefits of being Pathfinder: private shower. And, boy, did the rest of the crew love to whine about being left out on that privilege.

The water ran warm over her and Sara sighed, letting it relax her muscles.

In the excitement, she had forgotten how much dirt had managed to get in her hair. The normally white suds she scrubbed in washed out with a faint brown color and Sara wrinkled her nose in disgust.

Of course, Jaal hadn’t and wouldn’t have cared. Her hair was one of the many things about her—and humans in general—that Jaal found fascinating, well-groomed or not.

On a regular basis, no matter what her appearance was, he always seemed to find her attractive.

And in his previous state, she probably could’ve been covered in kett blood and he still would have wanted to fuck her.

That thought, as wrong and gross as it was, brought the slightest pang of heat.

Maybe what was affecting Jaal was affecting her too? It better not be contagious. It was already a bit of an inconvenience, if one could call it that, that one of their squad was on the DL. It would do them no good if another, their leader, was in a similar state.

It still felt like there was fire in her blood, a slow-burning flame. Hormones, it must have been hormones.

Sara, to her credit, didn’t jump in surprise when the shower door creaked open. She just turned around, surprisingly unsurprised to be immediately engulfed by over 6 feet of angara.

His hands were hot where they gripped her waist, his nose buried against her hairline. At least, he toned down the enthusiasm a bit, not immediately crushing their bodies together.

He slowly kissed along the line of her jaw, nibbling behind her ear, before making a slow trail down the side of her neck.

“I couldn’t stay away from you,” he whispered.

Sara let her hands roam over his chest, alternating between the pads of her fingers and the light scrape of her fingernails.

She had gotten used to his alienness, but that didn't mean she didn't like exploring every inch of her angara boyfriend.

With a groan, Jaal shifted closer and pressed the lengths of their bodies together.

His erection was hard against her stomach.

"Already? It's barely been 20 minutes!" she gasped.

He hummed, sucking a mark at her pulse point.

"Apologies, dearest. The first day is always the worst."

He pulled back to look at her, looking very earnest as well as turned-on. Sara watched as water sluiced down the angles and planes of his face. His thumbs rubbed tentative circles on her hips.

"Will you allow me?" he asked.

The soft request, worlds different from the frantic near-prayer from earlier, immediately made her melt.

She knew he wouldn't touch her without her permission. If she pushed him away, he would go. He could jerk off on her bed while she showered.

But her blood, fire and lightning, called and begged to consume, to be consumed. For the following days, Jaal would be almost a slave to his body and to nature and the call to breed. And she would be similarly tied to him, the want and need to sink into him.

Sara bounced on her tiptoes to kiss him, just enough to leave him breathless.

"Guess I could go for another round," she breathed against his mouth.

Another and another. Until they were sated. Until this itching electricity that seeped into her skin had abated.

Something glinted in his eyes, something distinctly primal and familiar.

"Turn around," he said.

Sara cupped his cheek, slowly moving her hand down, the thick column of his neck, the broad barrel of his chest, down, down, just before the rise of his cock. She stopped there, letting her fingers rest for a moment. Then, she turned around with a coy smile.

Jaal immediately pressed his front to her back, shuffling them forward until there were only a couple inches between her and the shower wall, wrapping his arms around her torso. His cock, hot like a brand, pressed against her back.

Sara gasped. She was going to get fucked *right*.

His fingers brushed over her lower abdomen, letting his nails scrape a little against her skin, making her shiver.

Up his hands went, to cup her breasts. Massaging, rolling her nipples to peaks. Sara leaned as best she could against his chest, arching into the touch.

He just needed to position himself and slide in, what was he waiting for?

“Please,” she breathed, tilting her head to meet Jaal’s lips with her own.

The kiss, long and languid, almost distracted Sara from Jaal’s hands moving southward again.

Sara broke the kiss and braced her arms against the shower wall, moaning into the bend of her elbow as his fingers delved between her thighs.

The first couple of times he had done this had been a learning experience. While female angara had similar anatomy, there were differences, so Sara had to guide him. And Jaal was nothing if not enthusiastic and quick on the uptake.

Jaal cupped her mound and rubbed a little, just enough to be a tease. Then, he stroked a finger over her opening.

Sara was already loose from their earlier activities, but his finger was thick enough to be a bit of a stretch when he pressed in.

He started shallow, clearly not wanting to hurt her accidentally. He got the message when she tightened around the digit that she wanted him to go faster, not to treat her like porcelain.

That could come later.

Jaal obliged, pushing his finger past the second knuckle. He fucked her with his hand as another finger slipped in. The stretch was perfect, his fingers just the right width to make her feel full. Not as good as his cock, but Sara wasn’t complaining.

He was rocking his hips, cock slipping between their bodies. It was clear he was aching to get inside her, but there was a part of him that wanted to please her more before he could fuck her.

His hand curled so his fingers rested on her g-spot and rubbed. Sara curled forward and grabbed at Jaal’s wrist.

“Right there,” she gasped.

He took that as a sign to focus on that spot and he did. His fingers swiped and rubbed over her with each twitch of his wrist and Sara writhed against his hand. She reached back to loop her arms around his neck. Jaal pressed his mouth to her throat and Sara was sure he could feel her pulse under his lips.

His other hand came down to rub over her clit as his hand moved faster, curved and curled just right.

Sara pressed the back of her head to Jaal’s chest and let her eyes flutter shut.

“Just like that—oh gods!”

She came with a shudder and he slowly pumped his fingers through it.

“Fuck,” she whispered, turning her head to kiss him.

His fingers left her and she whined at the loss. The head of his cock nudged against her opening and she sighed.

“Are you ready for me?” he asked, nipping at her earlobe.

She nodded. “Yes, Jaal, *please*.”

He slid home in with a roll of the hips, filling her up, making them both groan. She felt hot, not just from the water or the heat of his body, but a need for release.

Sara rocked back to meet each thrust. Their skin slapped together and echoed obscenely through the little room.

She could just barely hear what he was whispering over the hiss of the shower. Her name, a mixture of curses and endearments that half translated.

Theirs was a constant rhythm, hard and steady and wonderful, until nature and its need to take won out.

Jaal pressed Sara closer to the wall and she leaned on her arms. Her fingers slid against the wet tile. He hooked his arm around her thigh and lifted her up until she was balanced on one foot. She choked on a moan, this position allowing him to thrust deeper inside of her.

With anyone else, she would have been worried about slipping and falling. But Jaal was an anchor, keeping her flush between his chest and the wall.

He had her pinned, exposed and open to him. And she loved it. She loved him taking control like this. Stoking the flame. The electricity still hung just under her skin, present, not enough to make her buckle but Jaal was doing just fine with that on his own.

Each movement, in and out, rubbed perfectly inside of her.

“Not gonna last long, Jaal,” she gasped.

She reached behind her with one hand, scratching down the folds on the back of his head. Her fingers ran through the smooth space between two of them and she could feel Jaal shiver, his rhythm starting to turn into a desperate race to the finish line.

“Me neither, my love.”

As if on cue, she could feel that strange energy intensifying where their bodies were joined, up and inside of her, making her knees go weak, almost making her fall.

Jaal stroked his arm up her body until it braced on her chest, his hand splayed across her collarbone. He shuffled them closer to the wall, pressing her flush against the tile again. Her fingers scrambled for purchase against it, gasping.

He thrust into her, short and quick jabs. They were both close, the need to consume each other taking over rational thought.

That bioelectricity worked in tandem with his movements, brightening and intensifying with every passing second. She bucked against him, tightening and fluttering around him.

“Jaal, please, fuck, I’m gonna come!”

She cried out as he moved, the invisible sparks dancing over her clit, the hand spread at the base of her throat, pressing enough to make her feel a little lightheaded, just right, just right.

“I want to see you come apart, Sara. Come for me,” Jaal growled, each word strained.

Surrounded, consumed, and she shattered around him.

Distantly, she felt Jaal finishing inside of her, that electric buzz filling her up. She was glad she

couldn't really hear the probably pathetic desperate noises escaping her mouth.

They stood there for what felt like an eternity, burning turning to the faintest smoldering, buzzing to the faintest hum.

He slipped out of her and she felt distinctly empty, still warm. His come leaked out from her folds and she shivered.

That was three times. She was a mess.

Gently, Jaal turned her around and let her rest against the shower wall as he collected some soap in his hands. Sara leaned heavily, tilting her head back as he cleaned her body, between her legs, sighing as his fingers traveled down and over sensitive and overstimulated skin.

Jaal was quick about cleaning himself off, which was disappointing because Sara definitely enjoyed watching him, how his muscles moved under his skin.

The shower stopped and the two reluctantly stepped out. It wasn't over, not truly. They had hours, likely days, before things would go back to normal. Or would they really?

Knowing that this was a possibility, this wonder of alien biology, would their relationship be the same?

She watched as Jaal grabbed a towel, obediently letting him dry her off.

No, it wouldn't change much of anything. It's just that they had something to look forward to every couple years or so.

Finally, Jaal straightened and Sara blinked blearily up at him.

"Back to bed, dearest one?"

She nodded, sleepiness stealing over her. She couldn't remember the last time she got some proper sleep.

"Yeah. Give me a little time before we go at it again."

She imagined she was going to be woken up by either his cock or his snoring. One situation was more labor-intensive to deal with than the other.

All she needed was a few hours' sleep.

Jaal smiled and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"I shall restrain myself."

Jaal stooped down and swept Sara's legs out from under her, lifting her in his arms. Sara shrieked, flailing for solid ground.

"The floor's wet! You're gonna drop me!" she squawked.

Jaal nuzzled her hair, arms tight around her.

"I will not drop you, my love, if you stop struggling."

Well, he had a point. Begrudgingly, Sara let herself be carried the short distance between the

shower and the bed.

Princess-carried by an angara. A naked angara, at that.

He set her down gently. Then, he unceremoniously flopped next to her, making her bounce a little, making her laugh.

“Three days, huh?” Sara mused staring at the ceiling.

A heavy arm rested over her abdomen, warm and comforting.

“Is that going to be a problem?”

Sara tried to hide a grin but failed.

“No, not really. But, I’ll make sure SAM clears my schedule.”

“Barring an emergency, you two will not be disturbed,” SAM deadpanned.

Jaal laughed, pressing a kiss to Sara’s shoulder.

“This is going to be fun.”

End Notes

-tentative jazz hands- ta da?

All feedback is appreciated! Drop by my [tumblr](#) to say hi, if you are so inclined!

Cheers!

~Tiara of Sapphires

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!